

# THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

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### Review of New Books.

*Notes on the Cape of Good Hope, made during an Excursion in that Country, in the Year 1820.* 8vo. pp. 207. London, 1821.

SINCE the British government determined to encourage, or rather to divert emigration to a new settlement at the Cape of Good Hope, the public interest has been strongly excited respecting it; and although we are pretty well acquainted with the general character of the colony, yet little satisfactory intelligence has hitherto been received as to the situation of those emigrants who accepted the offer of the British government to form a new settlement at Algoa Bay. Of the importance of the Cape of Good Hope to England, in a commercial point of view, there can be but one opinion; and it is certainly desirable that we should strengthen our power there as much as possible; but there is not the slightest prospect of its ever becoming a flourishing colony. The soil is extremely barren and unproductive, and were it even otherwise, the difficulty of conveying the produce by land conveyance would so enhance the price, as to render it too dear for European markets.

The author of these Notes reached the Cape of Good Hope in January, 1820, and remained there some months; his information, therefore, has the advantage of coming before us with all its freshness, and as he appears to be not only an intelligent but also an unprejudiced observer, we consider his statements entitled to full credit, and of considerable importance. Although it is our intention to dwell more particularly on his account of the new settlement, yet we shall quote a few of his observations in the earlier part of this clever and useful little volume. The country in the immediate vicinity of Cape Town is a flat unprofitable sandy waste, with the exception of the village of Wynberg, distant about six miles, and where many of the merchants have country-houses. The greatest part of

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the grain brought to the Cape market, is grown in the Koeberg, or Corn Country, lying between thirty and forty miles to the north of Cape Town. The soil here would be productive but for the want of water; the price of farms is high: an estate with tolerably good farm-buildings, but very indifferent house, lately sold for 3000*l*. In a journey up the country, the author is led to make the following observations on travelling in this desert region. Were he called on to decide the Bowles' controversy, it may be seen that he would incline in favour of Campbell and Lord Byron as to art and nature:—

'The traveller in Southern Africa soon becomes sensible how much the delight of travelling depends upon adventitious circumstances, not necessarily connected with the ground he traverses; and that the contemplation of mere terrestrial nature, unstamped with any images of departed greatness, awakening no historical recollections, but harbouring in its bosom only ignorance and barbarity, becomes even an humiliating occupation. It is not the soil we tread on, but the "deeds that have been done in the clime," that speak like living voices, and awaken corresponding emotions within us—the imperishable fame of the mighty dead:—

"Quod non imber edax, non aquilo impotens Possit diruere,"

has never flung the witchery of its enchantment over this dreary region: its inhabitants have rotted away like the "grass of the field;" or if a "village Hampden," or a "bosom pregnant with celestial fire," ever felt the glow of patriotism, or the inspiration of genius, no stone has arisen to tell the tale: the deserts are without pyramids, and the towns without a trophy. Man is here to be found but one step removed from the baboons that surround him; possessing all the barbarity, without the dignified independence of the savage. By the side of his wretched hut the Hottentot may be seen, seated in passive indolence; or, perhaps, regaling himself with the undressed entrails and blood of a sheep, while the partner of his life is picking a bone of carrion at his side. Although Rousseau laments our deviation from the path of primitive simplicity, and declares, "que l'état de réflexion est un état contre nature, et que l'homme qui médite est un animal dépravé," few would probably feel

inclined to exchange their depravity for such nature and garbage, even if they could regain their tails, by the experiment which Monboddo and other philosophers think we have lost by our degenerate habits.'

The Dutch farmers have no opportunity of realizing money, there being no market for produce, but at an immense distance; there is consequently no encouragement to the labours of the agriculturist; they occasionally sell horses and cattle, or send their waggon to Cape Town, laden with grain, in exchange for which they take home groceries, clothes, &c.; but this is rather a journey of idleness and amusement than of profit. The farms have nothing of neatness about them; there are no inclosures, except, perhaps, round the vineyard or garden. The farmers drink their own sour wine; burnt barley is their coffee, and they sometimes make tea of a plant which grows on the hills. These Dutch boors view with jealousy the several European adventurers who have purchased land among them, and feel still greater alarm at the extensive plan of colonization adopted by the British government. 'They look upon the landing of a threshing machine with as much amazement as the inhabitants of Troy did upon the wooden horse; and as they are strenuous opposers of these new-fangled inventions, so they are proportionably mortified at the success of foreign ingenuity.' The manners of the boors are, however, prepossessing to travellers, and as there are no inns, their hospitality becomes doubly valuable. 'Supper is their grand meal, which takes place shortly after sun-set, and consists of mutton, roast or boiled, with potatoes, all swimming in sheep-tail fat, but not disgusting or unpalatable; the bread is white, but often sour; to this is added a large tureen of rice-milk, boiled with sugar and cinnamon; a very savoury mess.' The price of labour is high: an industrious labourer or mechanic will earn from fifteen to twenty rix-dollars per month, including his board and lodging. Of Dutch agriculture we are told, that—

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'It is the same now as when they first colonized the country, and if their stagnant genius was not disturbed by the example of our countrymen, I question whether it would ever receive any improvement. Nothing, in fact, can savour more of primitive barbarity. Their plough is a couple of heavy boards nailed together, and armed with a clumsy share, which it requires a dozen oxen to work. Their harrow, if they use any at all, is a few brambles. Their waggons, (which will carry about thirty Winchester bushels, or a ton weight, and are generally drawn by sixteen and sometimes twenty oxen,) are well constructed to go tilting up and down the precipitous passes of the Kloofs with safety; but they have no variety for the different roads. The small one-horse cart, so useful upon a farm and upon hard roads, is unknown. The Dutch loan farms, the most common tenure in the colony, were originally measured out and allotted in the following manner. A stake was stuck in the ground as near the centre of the future estate as could be guessed, and a man, starting from thence, walked for half an hour in a straight line, to each of the four points of the compass, giving thus the radii of a circle that comprised a space of about six thousand acres. Small rents were reserved upon the grants, that were made renewable at the option of the government; this renewal is now grown into a customary right. Many of the farms have been enfranchised, and other alterations in the original tenures have taken place, which it would be unnecessary for our present purpose to point out; but no subdivision has been thought of, so that a farm or place is usually of the dimensions alluded to, viz. about six thousand acres. There were small freehold estates, originally granted, of about two hundred acres in extent; but they are not numerous.'

The method of beating out the corn is similar to that used at Odessa, noticed in our last. Eighty horses are sometimes employed in trampling the grain from the sheaves, working by relays of forty at a time. The winnowing is performed by tossing the trampled grain in the air, with shovels, or by exposing it to the wind in a sieve.

The Dutch colonial laws are still in force at the Cape, but the English are all clamorous to have them superseded by their own. The criminal code is remarkable for its lenity; capital punishment is not inflicted without an admission of guilt; and, therefore, it is at the option of the condemned, either to linger out their days in prison, or undergo the sentence of the law. Since the arrival of the English, torture (which was used to extort a confession of guilt,) has been abolished. The law of divorce is curious. A divorce is obtained upon application, upon the

simple grounds of domestic unhappiness, resulting from bad temper, or the like infirmities of disposition, and the parties are with mutual consent permitted to marry again:—

'A curious decision took place a little time ago; an English 'prentice boy had been flogged, according to an order, improperly and unwarrantably, (as it afterwards appeared,) given by the landrost of the district. The boy made his complaint before the court at Cape Town, and the court decreed, that the master, and the man who had flogged the boy, (in pursuance of a written order which was produced,) should be fined in equal proportions.'

Our author recommends that part of the colony, lying between Mossel Bay and George Town, as possessing the most decided advantages over every other part of the colony, as a place of settlement for an English farmer. There are few farms rented, which arises from the infant state of the colony, and the desire every man has of becoming a landholder. The author thinks 'a practical farmer, who, taking with him a good set of labourers, possesses capital enough to stock a farm, and set himself going, say 600*l.* or 700*l.* might with activity and industry, do well;' but he must not look forward to large or immediate profits:—

'That a wide field is open for labour and industry is beyond a doubt; but if any man embarks for the Cape of Good Hope with the idea of realizing, by agricultural pursuits, large sums of money, or has so partaken of the prevailing delusion, as to imagine that he is to be exempt from the curse of toiling in the sweat of his brow, he will not be long in finding his mistake. Here is no manna to be gathered in indolence, and even sheep-tail fat does not overflow the land. Perhaps there is no country in the world where the mere necessities of life are more easily supplied; but to ensure a comfortable subsistence, no inconsiderable degree of exertion is requisite. A good economist of labour and of money, possessing a practical knowledge of husbandry, who can command from 1000*l.* to 2000*l.* when upon the spot, and who comes properly provided with steady men, cannot fail of succeeding; that is, he will be enabled to purchase an estate in an eligible situation in the colony, in the vicinity of one of the bays, with house and buildings; the latter very indifferent, it is true, but timber will be within his reach, and he may improve at leisure.'

'If a settler comes provided with good letters of credit, and can prevail upon any two respectable inhabitants to become security for him, (for this is generally insisted on,) he will obtain six or twelve months credit in the purchase of an estate, which is generally paid for by two or more in-

stalments, according to the agreement; a certain portion of the money being paid down. Not unfrequently, the principal is suffered to remain for years upon the security of the property and the bond of the two sureties; and there is, perhaps, no country where great purchases are so easily accomplished with little money. More than one half of the estates in the colony are thus unpaid for, especially by the Dutch proprietors; and whatever exterior indications of riches may be visible, they possess in general but the mere semblance of wealth, without the substance.

'Money is advanced by the bank at Cape Town, upon good security, at six per cent.; but there is always a long string of applicants upon the list, and it is a rule to supply them in regular succession. The sum advanced will only amount to the value of one-third of the property, if in the country, and one-half if in the town. The emigrant will thus have the greater part of his capital in hand, to lay out in stock of all kinds. Sheep and cattle are not dear; the former average three rix-dollars in the country, and four near Cape Town; the latter about thirty rix-dollars per head: a rise in these may be looked for.

'It would be desirable that he should provide himself with a good stock of implements at home; such only as are adapted to strong soils should be selected, in consequence of the drought. The broad wheels and bodies of waggons and carts, ready to be put together upon landing, would save time and labour, and probably expense. Seeds of all kinds, excepting wheat, should by no means be omitted. The greatest care should be taken in selecting good and steady men, whom he can depend upon, and these should be bound in articles to serve him for seven years. He may make his agreement with them upon as advantageous terms as possible, at home; but he will find that he cannot, according to the present price in the colony, give less than fifteen rix-dollars per month, if he wishes to preserve content among his people; it is probable the price may fall as low as twelve dollars; but it is as well to agree for as little as possible, and to convert that into an act of favour which is in fact a matter of necessity. The wages of English servants in Cape Town vary from twenty to thirty rix-dollars per month. A good house and dairy maid will be found of great use, and married people will be on every account preferable to single ones. If an opportunity offers of bringing out, at a moderate cost, house furniture of any sort, chairs, tables, beds, &c. he will find his advantage in it. Mattresses are good, and as cheap as at home; but furniture is sold at a profit of 100*l.* per cent., excepting occasionally at public auctions, which a man cannot always wait for, or make it convenient to attend. He will find it necessary to employ a Hottentot or two in his service; and if they are good men, he cannot hire



them under fifteen rix-dollars per month; twenty dollars is not an uncommon price.'

It is the opinion of the writer, that the Cape is preferable to Mr. Birkbeck's settlement in the Illinois, which, however, is no strong testimony in its favour. Of the new settlement, formed in 1819, we are told that—

'The soil of the new settlement partakes of the general character of the Cape soil; that is, very various within very narrow limits; but, upon an average, it will bear a comparison with the best parts of the colony. It inclines generally to sandy. Care is taken that the allotments should have water upon them, or within reach; but the supply is frequently scanty; and will be generally found insufficient for the purposes of husbandry.

If we except a few houses, dignified with the name of Bathurst Town, Graham's Fort, a small garrison town, containing, perhaps, a hundred houses, is the only town in the settlement. A few houses have been built at Algoa Bay, the inhabitants of which are occupied chiefly in salting butter and drying fish, for the Cape market, for which the situation is sufficiently well adapted. This butter is sent down in considerable quantities from the district of Graff Regnet, which lies far in the interior, at the back of the new settlement, and is the great grazing country of the colony.

'It is impossible to view with indifference this attempt to colonize the quondam territory of Kaffraria. Accordingly, its progress has been anxiously watched, and opinions are much divided as to its future failure or success. The more prevalent opinion at the Cape is, that the settlement will altogether fall to the ground. Yet, perhaps, we may more safely affirm, that a few of the most determined characters will surmount the difficulties of the undertaking, and eventually succeed. But as this word success has meanings as various as are the hopes and expectations of different individuals, it may be deserving of a little farther consideration.'

The first of the transport ships arrived towards the beginning of April, 1820, with settlers on board, at Table Bay; others, to the amount of twelve or fourteen, followed, and the last anchored in Simon's Bay, about the middle of June: the first of the parties reached the new settlement in May, and the last before the end of June:—

'As fast as the people disembarked, they were encamped under the tents at Algoa Bay, until waggons could be procured, and every thing put in readiness for their march up the country, to the different places of their destination. This journey usually occupied from seven to nine days. The men walked; the women, provisions, and implements of husbandry, were carried in the waggons. These were provided at the expense of the heads of parties, and the money de-

ducted from the deposit. The same plan was pursued with respect to the provisions, which were furnished by the government at the rate of seven-pence a-head per day. Such of them as chose to purchase tents, agricultural implements of British manufacture, provisions, and, in fact, such necessities as were thought requisite for the occasion, and which could be procured, were permitted to do so, to a certain extent, at prime cost; a government store having been opened at Algoa Bay for that purpose.

'Some of the party suffered a good deal from the heavy rains, when encamped under the tents, previous to their march up the country. Men, women, and children, were seen up to their knees in mud; and the blankets and bedding were drenched with water; but, luckily, the season was unusually dry; the rains fell late; and not much sickness prevailed. It is but justice to add, that no exertion was omitted on the part of Sir Ruffane Donkin, the acting governor, and the heads of the colonial department; the former of whom superintended in person the disembarkation at Algoa Bay, and the removal of the parties to the place of settlement.'

'The allotment of one of the principal settlers near the mouth of the Great Fish River, amounting to ten thousand acres, proportioned to the number of families he took out, contains, according to his own statement, (as related to me,) only about one thousand acres that are fit for cultivation. This is probably, (if true,) a much greater proportion of barren ground than may generally be expected; but it is sufficient to show that all has not been done which will in many instances be required, especially by those who look forward to exporting produce; and the only advantage which the settlement affords over the more eligible situations of the colony, is that of having for nothing, what elsewhere is to be purchased. The allotments are, after the expiration of ten years, to be subject to an annual quit-rent of 2*l.* for every hundred acres, a rent that few, if any farm in the colony, (excepting in the immediate vicinity of Cape Town, or other choice spots,) would bring at this day. This will probably not be insisted upon.'

From the following statement, it would seem that the quality of the emigrants was not such as was likely to ensure success:—

'The labouring men have too generally been picked up about large towns; they have more the look of manufacturers than ploughmen; and I thought the proportion of tradesmen, or those exercising the mechanic arts, too great. Thus there were clothiers, hatters, printers, engravers, brass letter-founders, musical instrument-makers, &c.; men whose labours must be nearly useless in an infant settlement.

'The heads of the parties themselves seem to have entertained the most erro-

neous notions upon the subject of emigration. They apparently concluded, that it was merely shifting the scene from Middlesex to Kaffraria; and that the elements of a society, like the materials of a patent house, may be shipped from England and put together in Southern Africa. Thus, one gentleman had provided himself with types and a printing-press, with a view to setting up a weekly courrant, and another had accommodated his wife with a sedan-chair. Two teachers of the piano-forte, (and there may have been more for aught I know,) were among the number; and a poet of great respectability, with an introduction to the governor from the poet-laureate of England, was ready to invoke the muses of Kaffer-land. Though it is not meant to impute any man's poverty to him as a fault, it will be found to be as great a bar to his advancement in this as in every other undertaking in life. Indeed, a small capital in money seems an absolute requisite for such an attempt, though it has, in a great many instances, been overlooked.'

'A party of near five hundred men was located at about one hundred and eighty miles to the eastward of Saldanha Bay, with what prospect of success is not yet known.

'One or two large parties, who were settled upon some government lands by the Sonderend River, at the distance of about seventy miles to the east of Cape Town, have already abandoned the place allotted to them, having found the land unfit for cultivation.

'Some others are returned to Cape Town, having given up the undertaking; several individuals have engaged passages home; and more have applied for a passage at the government expense, which has of course been refused.

'His Majesty's ministers were particularly anxious that clergymen should accompany the expedition; conceiving, no doubt, that the encouragement of religion was the best method of insuring habits of industry and sobriety. Whether by design or accident it is difficult to say, but in addition to the regular clergymen provided, there was a most copious sprinkling of preachers, to grace the new settlement with their eloquence, and disperse the light of God. How far the efforts of these gentlemen are likely to be beneficial, may be collected from their practice on shipboard, where these religious parties, as they were termed, were embarked. There was constant discussion, with dissensions and divisions innumerable—"satis eloquentiæ, sapientiæ parum"—an incessant ranting about virtues, with no endeavour at the attainment of any. Such ignorant pretenders are not likely to diffuse the mild lessons of Christianity, or to benefit the cause of social order.

'Such, then, are the individuals from whose loins are to spring the future lords of South Africa. If their moral habits and general character would induce us to form no favourable augury of their future



greatness, we may be less inclined to indulge in gloomy forebodings, when we consider that Rome, the mistress of the ancient world, was founded by a band of robbers; and that the mighty empire now rising in the west, was at no distant date the receptacle of crime and infamy.'

Some useful hints to emigrants, some judicious reflections on emigration generally, and an official report of a survey of the rivers and the coast, by Captain Moresby, close this part of the work. To these are added, a brief notice of St. Helena, and some interesting particulars respecting Napoleon; but our limits will not allow us room for extract.

It will be seen that this work is not likely to add to the rage which predominates for emigrating to the Cape of Good Hope, although the author shows, that if judiciously undertaken, and with the necessary means, it might be attended with success. That the new settlement will not flourish, is his opinion, for had the emigrants been better suited for commencing a colony, yet it is not likely that they will be able to retain their servants and labourers after their limited service is expired, when they can be more advantageously employed elsewhere. To such as may still entertain the idea of emigration, we strongly recommend this work, as containing much valuable information, with which it would be highly desirable that they should become acquainted.

*A Bibliographical, Antiquarian, and Picturesque Tour in France and Germany.* By the Rev. Thomas Frognall Dibdin, F. R. S., S. A. 3 Vols. super royal 8vo. pp. 1780. London, 1821.

We do not know of any author whose works are in themselves of so opposite a character as those of Mr. Dibdin, or any which would bear cutting down or pruning with so much advantage. There is not, so far as we are acquainted with his labours, a single production from his pen that does not contain much that is valuable and interesting; but these portions are loaded with so much that is worthless, that we feel almost as much pain as pleasure in their perusal. That Mr. Dibdin is a bibliomaniac in the strictest sense of the word, he will not himself deny; but while he has contributed largely to foster a taste which is carried to an extent that makes it injurious to the real interests of literature, we must not forget to acknowledge that, as a bibliographer, he is entitled to much praise; that he has

unfolded many treasures of the 'olden time,' that lay buried in obscurity; and that he has done more towards the history of early English literature than all his cotemporaries. He, however, carries his passion for old books to a ridiculous excess—he feels as much pleasure in finding a unique Caxton or Wynken de Worde as a modern navigator would in discovering the north-west passage; and is quite in raptures if he can decide a disputed point as to whether the first edition of a twopenny tract was printed in quarto or octavo. But, notwithstanding this, Mr. Dibdin is entitled to the praise of having done much for English typography, not merely in his own beautiful hot-pressed tomes, but in diffusing a good taste generally; and then, as to the embellishments of his works, he certainly surpasses all others. But, here again, we cannot but censure that Vandalism, which, after printing a small number of copies, consigns the beautiful engraved wooden blocks to the flames, and breaks up the plates. Mr. Dibdin, perhaps, thinks that his works are not for the million;—their price certainly prevents it, but there are some portions of almost every thing that he has written which cannot be too extensively made known. It is scarcely necessary to refer to the previous literary labours of Mr. Dibdin:—his first work, we believe, was the 'Introduction to the Classics;' and, perhaps, few persons ever read it without enjoying their beauties with increased pleasure ever after; his 'Bibliotheca Spenceriana' is an elegant work, in which he displays considerable learning; his *Bibliomania* certainly added to the rage for black letter lore, but yet it contains much that is curious and interesting; while his 'Bibliographical Decameron,' for its variety and elegance in ornamental decoration, is an almost matchless work, and leaves every thing of the kind at an immeasurable distance,—the volumes now before us only excepted.

But much as Mr. Dibdin has written, he now appears before the public or at least such portion of it as get a glance at his ten guinea work, in a new character,—that of a traveller.

Although, since the establishment of peace upon the Continent, travellers and volumes of travels of almost every species have been common; yet Mr. Dibdin is the first to give us an account of the treasures of the libraries, or of the general literary character of the persons with whom they have associated. His object has been, as he

states in his preface, to bear away many of the curious, splendid, and interesting specimens of art of former ages, which, till their present appearance, were, probably, scarcely known even to their possessors. By means of the beautiful embellishments selected from such volumes, and especially from those in the Royal Libraries of Paris and Vienna, he has certainly 'thrown a few flowers upon the otherwise unalluring path of bibliography.' The volumes, in addition to numerous engravings of every description, which are of the highest order of excellence, contain several original portraits, now published for the first time, and a great many specimens of art which have been hid for centuries from general knowledge. The Antiquarian embellishments are principally architectural, and include views of some of the most interesting cathedrals, monasteries, &c. visited by the author; the picturesque embellishments also partake of the Antiquarian, and the whole does great credit to Mr. George Lewis, the artist, who accompanied Mr. Dibdin in his tour.

The work is in the epistolary form; the letters being understood to have been written abroad, and the notes added at the author's leisure. The first volume, and a portion of the second, is exclusively devoted to Normandy. The treasures of the public libraries of Paris, furnish the chief materials of the second volume, and a portion of the third also relates to France; the remainder being devoted to Germany, the account of it has been confined to narrower limits than was originally intended. Having given this general view of the work, we shall proceed to detach a few of the gems with which the pages of this splendid work are abundantly studded. In the Abbey of St. Ouen, at Rouen, there are some circular windows, which have attracted much notice from the tale attached to them, rather than from their positive beauty:—

'These windows were finished about the year 1439. One of them was executed by the master mason, the other by his apprentice; and, on being criticized by competent judges, the performance of the latter was said to eclipse that of the former. In consequence, the master became jealous and revengeful, and actually poinarded his apprentice. He was of course tried, condemned, and executed; but an existing monument to his memory attests the humanity of the monks in giving him Christian interment.'

In the square called *La Place de la*



*Pucelle*, is one of the oldest houses in Rouen; and as interesting as it is ancient:—

It is invisible from without; but you open a wooden gate, and quickly find yourself within a small quadrangle, having three of its sides covered with basso-relievo figures, in plaster. That side which faces you is evidently older than the left; indeed, I have no hesitation in assigning it to the end of the fifteenth century. The clustered ornaments of human figures and cattle, with which the whole of the exterior is covered, reminds us precisely of those little wood-cut figures, chiefly pastoral, which we see in the borders of printed missals of the same period. The taste which prevails in them is half French and half Flemish. Not so is the character of the plaster figures which cover the left side on entering. These, my friend, are no less than the representation of the procession of Henry VIII. and Francis I. to the famous *Champ de drap d'Or*; of which, Montfaucon, after his fashion, has published engravings. Having carefully examined this very curious relic, of the beginning of the sixteenth century, I have no hesitation in pronouncing the copy of Montfaucon (or rather the artist employed) to be most egregiously faithless. I visited it again and again; considering it to be worth all the "huge clocks" in Rouen put together. It was, of course, too tempting a subject to be neglected by the pencil of Mr. Lewis.

This house, so interesting to the antiquary, is now a lady's boarding-school, kept by an English woman. Mr. Dibdin being, as he acknowledges, what Tom Hearne said of Harry Dyson, of old, 'a person of a very strange, prying, and inquisitive genius, in the matter of books,' we must not be surprised to find him devoting a letter or two to the typography at Rouen and Caen, its printers, booksellers, and book-collectors. To our taste, there is more attractive metal in these volumes, and, therefore, we shall touch least on their bibliographical treasures. At Caen, Mr. D. met with a metrical cantique of the *The Prodigal Son*, with six wood-cuts, exhibiting the leading points of the gospel narrative. In the second of these,—

'The Prodigal is about to mount his horse and leave his father's house in the cloak and cocked hat of a French officer. The fourth of these cuts is droll enough. It is intitled "*L'Enfant Prodigue est chassé par ses maîtresses*." The expulsion consists in the women driving him out of doors with besoms and hair-brooms. It is very probable, however, that all this character of absurdity attaches to some of our own representations of the same subject, if, instead of examining (as in Pope's time) "the walls of Bedlam and Soho," we take a survey of the graphic

broad-sides which dangle from strings upon the wall at Hyde Park Corner.'

Mr. Dibdin gives a very minute description of the Bayeux Tapestry, with several engravings of some of the principal figures. Mr. Lewis, we are told, made a fac simile of this celebrated piece, in the course of an application of six or eight hours for two successive mornings, 'stitch for stitch, colour for colour, size for size.' In the review of Mr. Turner's Tour through Normandy, we gave an account of it, and, therefore, shall pass over our author's more elaborate description. In an account of Vire, our author notices Baselin, the father of Bacchanalian poetry in France, and has given a few specimens of his *Vandevires*. The Abbe de la Rue had told Mr. Dibdin, that there was a statue or head of William the Conqueror, at Falaise. Mr. D., on reaching that place, inquired, and found that the head was in the possession of a Madame Rolle; he hastened there, and when he had cleaned it of the hardened white and ochre washes, with which every feature had been obliterated, he became convinced that the Abbe de la Rue was in error, and that the head was rather Saxon than Norman; he, however, offered ten louis for it, which were refused. We now accompany our author to Paris, and quote his lively description of the *Boulevards Italiennes*, of which the pencil of Mr. Lewis has furnished a delightful view. After describing the morning scenes of this spot, he says,—

'Afternoon approaches; then the innumerable chairs, which have been a long time unoccupied, are put into immediate requisition; then commences the "high exchange" of the loungers. One man hired two chairs, for which he pays two sous; he places his legs upon one of them, while his body, in a see-saw, or slanting position, occupies the other. The places, where these chairs are found, are usually flanked by coffee-houses. Incessant reports, from drawing corks of beer-bottles, resound on all sides. The ordinary people are fond of this beverage; and for four or six sous, they get a bottle of pleasant refreshing small beer. The draught is usually succeeded by a doze—in the open air. What is common, excites no surprise; and the stream of population rushes on without stopping one instant to notice these somniferous indulgences. Or, if they are not disposed to sleep, they sit and look about them; abstractedly gazing upon the multitude around, or at the heavens above. Pure, idle, unproductive listlessness is the necessary cause of such enjoyment.

'Evening approaches; when the Boule-

wards put on the gayest and most fascinating livery. Then commences the bustle of the ice-mart; in other words, then commences the general demand for ices; while the rival and neighbouring *Cafés* of Tortoni and Riche have their porches of entrance choked by the incessant ingress and egress of customers. The full moon shines beautifully above the foliage of the trees; and an equal number of customers, occupying chairs, sit without, and call for ices to be brought to them. Meanwhile, between these loungers and the entrances to the *cafés*, move on, closely wedged, and yet scarcely in motion, the mass of human beings who come only to exercise their eyes, by turning them to the right or to the left; while, on the outside, upon the *chaussée*, are drawn up the carriages of visitors (chiefly English ladies) who prefer taking their ice within their closed morocco quarters. The varieties of ice are endless; but that of the *Vanille* is justly a general favourite; not but that you may have coffee, chocolate, punch, peach, almond, and, in short, every species of gratification of this kind, while the glasses are filled to a great height, in a pyramidal shape, and some of them with layers of strawberry, gooseberry, and other coloured ices, like pieces from a harlequin's jacket—are seen moving to and fro, to be silently and certainly devoured by those who bespeak them. Add to this, every one has his tumbler and small water-bottle by the side of him; in the centre of the bottle is a large piece of ice, and with a tumbler of water poured therefrom, the visitor usually concludes his repast.

'It is getting towards midnight; but the bustle and activity of the Boulevards have not yet much abated. Groups of musicians, ballad-singers, tumblers, actors, conjurors, slight of hand professors, and raree-showmen, have each their distinct audiences. You advance; a little girl, with a raised turban (as usual, tastefully put on), seems to have no mercy, either upon her own voice, or upon the *hurdy-gurdy*, on which she plays; her father shews his skill upon a violin, and the mother is equally active with the organ; after a "flourish," not of "trumpets," but of these instruments, the tumblers commence their operations. But a great crowd is collected to the right. What may this mean? All are silent; a ring is made, of which the boundaries are marked by small lighted candles stuck in pieces of clay. Within this circle stands a man, apparently strangled; both arms are extended, and his eyes are stretched to their utmost limits. You look more closely—and the hilt of a dagger is seen in his mouth, of which the blade is introduced into his stomach! He is almost breathless, and ready to faint—but he approaches, with the crown of a hat in his hand, into which he expects you to drop a sous. Having made his collection, he draws forth the dagger from its carnal sheath, and making a bow, seems to anticipate the



plaudits which invariably follow. Or he changes his plan of operations on the following evening. Instead of the dagger put down his throat, he introduces a piece of wire up one nostril, to descend by the other—and thus self-tortured, demands the remuneration and the applause of his audience. In short, from one end of the boulevards to the other, nearly two English miles, there is naught but animation, good humour, and it is right to add, good order;—while having strolled as far as the Boulevards de Bondy, and watched the moon-beams sparkling in the waters, which play there within the beautiful fountain so called.—I retread my steps, and seek the quiet quarters in which this epistle is penned.

On the literary treasures in Paris, Mr. Dibdin dwells long and writes very ably; he appears to have, with unceasing industry, ransacked every shelf of every book-case in the royal library, to discover what was rare, valuable, and curious. In his researches he was much assisted by the kindness and urbanity of the librarian, Von Praet, who has held the situation nearly forty years, and of whom he gives a well-drawn character:—

‘To the left of the third room,’ says our author, ‘you observe a well-dressed gentleman, (of somewhat shorter stature than the author of this description,) busied behind a table, taking down and putting up volumes; inscribing names and numbers and titles, in a large folio volume; giving orders on all sides; and putting several pairs of legs in motion in consequence of those orders; while his own, perhaps, are the least spared of any. This gentleman is no less a personage than the celebrated Monsieur Von Praet, one of the chief librarians in the department of the printed books. His aspect is mild and pleasant, while his smart attire frequently forms a striking contrast to habiliments and personal appearances of a very different and less conciliating description by which he is surrounded. M. Von Praet must be now approaching his sixtieth year: but his age sits bravely upon him, for his step is rapid and firm, and his physiognomical expression indicative of a much less protracted period of existence. He is a Dutchman by birth; and even in shewing his first Eustathius, or first Pliny, each upon vellum, you may observe the natural enthusiasm of a Frenchman, tempered by the graver motions of a Hollander. But, on the other hand, use, or the frequent habit of displaying these treasures, undoubtedly palls and makes the exhibitor less vehement in his commendations.’

The Royal Library is precious beyond conception in medals and in antiquities of a variety of character; the specimens of Greek art, in coins and other small productions, are very fine. In prints, the library is equally rich.

We must, however, pass over these, as well as the account of the printed books, and the sketches of some of the principal literary men to whom Mr. D. was introduced. Among the illuminated manuscripts, the ‘Hours of Anne of Brittany’ is the most curious, and is deemed the most precious; and Mr. D. describes it with great minuteness. In an account of the library of St. Genevieve, we have an interesting anecdote of the celebrated biographer Mercier:—

‘In 1792, a decree passed the convention for issuing a ‘commission for the examination of monuments.’ Mercier was appointed one of the thirty-three members of which the commission was composed, and the famous Barrière was also of the number. Barrière, fertile in projects, however visionary and destructive, proposed to Mercier, as a *bright thought*, ‘to make a short extract from every book in the national library; to have these extracts superbly bound by Didot; and to burn all the books from which they were taken.’ It never occurred to this revolutionizing ideot, that there might be a thousand copies of the same work, and that some hundreds of these copies might be out of the National Library. Of course Mercier laughed at the project, and made the projector ashamed of it. Robespierre, rather fiend than man, now ruled the destinies of France. On the 7th of July, 1794, Mercier happened to be passing along the streets, where he saw sixty-seven human beings about to undergo the butchery of the guillotine. Every avenue was crowded by spectators, who were hurrying towards the horrid spectacle. Mercier was carried along by the torrent; but having just strength enough to raise his head, he looked up, and he beheld his old and intimate friend, the Ex-Abbé Roger, in the number of devoted victims! That sight cost him his life. A sudden horror, followed by alternate shiverings and flushings of head, immediately seized him, and a cold perspiration hung upon his brow. He was carried into the house of a stranger; his utterance became feeble and indistinct, and it seemed as if the hand of death were already upon him.’

Mercier never recovered, but lingering five years, and then died. We need not say that Mr. Dibdin visited all the public libraries, which are six in number, and are said to contain 1,125,437 volumes. An account of booksellers, bookbinders, and men of letters, including Gail, Millin, and Langles, follows the description of the public libraries. While at Paris, Mr. Dibdin gave a festival in honour of the Roxburgh Club, and nearly inoculated some of the French literati with the mania. The private collections in Pa-

ris were next visited by Mr. D. particularly those collections of Denon, M. Quintin Crauford, and the Marquis de Sommariva, Willemin’s *Monumens François Inédits*, &c. Mr. D. closes his account of Paris with some observations on the Fine Arts, and an estimate of the national character:—

‘Every body here,’ says he, ‘is busy and active, yet very few have any thing to do in the way of what an Englishman would call business. The thoughtful brow, the abstracted look, the hurried step, which you see along Cheapside and Cornhill, are here of comparatively rare appearance; yet every body is “*sur le paré*.” Every body seems to live out of doors. How the *menage* goes on—and how domestic education is regulated—strikes the inexperienced eye of an Englishman as a thing quite inconceivable. The temperature of Paris is no doubt very fine, although it has been of late unprecedentedly hot; and a French workman or labourer enjoys out of doors, from morning till night, those meals which with us are usually partaken within. The public places of entertainment are pretty sure to receive a prodigious portion of the population of Paris every evening. A mechanic or artisan will devote two-thirds of his daily gains to the participation of this pleasure. His dinner will consist of the most meagre fare, at the lowest possible price, provided in the evening he can hear Talma declaim, or Madame Albert warble; or see Pol leap or Bigotoni entrance a wondering audience by the grace of her movements and the pathos of her dumb shew in Nina.’

Accompanying our author to Strasbourg, we have an account of the rise and progress of Protestantism in that place. The forerunner of Luther, in Mr. Dibdin’s opinion, was John Geyler, a man of singular intrepidity of head and heart:—

‘He was a very extraordinary genius, unquestionably; and the works which he has bequeathed to posterity evince the variety of his attainments. His memory is yet held in reverence by his countrymen, although it may be doubted whether any one library contains a complete collection of his works. Geyler preached boldly in the cathedral, against the lax manners and doubtful morality of the clergy. He exhorted the magistrates to do their duty, and predicted that there must be an alteration of religious worship, ere the general morals of the community could be amended. They preserve a stone chair or pulpit, of very curious workmanship, but which had nearly been destroyed during the revolution, in which Geyler used to deliver his lectures. He died in 1510; and, within a dozen years after his death, the doctrines of Luther were sedulously inculcated. The ground had been well prepared for such seed.’

The pulpit here alluded to, is en-



which ranked her among the heroes of the age. Being wounded at the siege of Orleans, she exclaimed, for the purpose of encouraging her army, 'it is glory, not blood, that flows from this wound.' When the English were obliged to raise the siege of Orleans with precipitation, she said to Dunois, who would have pursued them, 'the object is gained—no useless carnage.' The glory of Joan of Arc was that of France: it is the more to be regretted, that her misfortunes and the cruelty which presided at her death, should stain these brilliant recollections, and produce a mingled feeling of profound horror and national gratitude, which will never cease to accompany her memory.

France, elevated by numerous victories, had resumed her courage, and reconquered her name; seconded by the valour of the king's servants, Joan had witnessed the accomplishment of part of her predictions. Weary of glory, she would have retired after the coronation of Charles VII., at Rheims: 'my mission,' said she, 'is fulfilled; would to God I could quit the field, and return to tend the flocks, and serve my parents with my brothers and sisters!' Being detained by the solicitations of the king, she continued to lead the troops to victory; but fortune grew tired of favouring her, and, on the 19th of May, 1430, she was taken at the gates of Compeigne, in a sally, which she herself had conducted.

The Duke of Bedford, who was Regent of England during the minority of his nephew, Henry VI., and conducted, in person, the war in France, fearing lest Charles should ransom the prisoner, availed himself of the right given to him by the customs of that age, to purchase her of John de Luxembourg, who was obliged to resign her to him, on being paid the sum often thousand livres. There was, therefore, no other alternative than to ransom her, or carry her off by main force; but, to avoid the reproach of refusing to exchange her, the duke, by the advice of the Bishop of Beauvais, caused her to be declared a heretic and a sorceress by the Parliament of Paris. From that moment the Maid of Orleans was treated as a criminal, and not as a prisoner. The clergy, that power, which, in all ages, has exalted itself above the authority of kings, could alone decide her fate. Hurried from prison to prison, Joan was confined at Rouen, in a tower, which is still standing, and to which this horrible catastrophe has given the name of *Tour de la Pucelle*.

Joan of Arc, though a prisoner, excited such terror, that the enemies of Charles VII., did not think themselves sure of victory so long as her name could serve for a rallying point. Her destruction was resolved upon; she was cruelly treated, and immersed in a dungeon, where she was farther confined by two iron chains; she was exposed defenceless to the insults of her guards, who were chosen

from among the lowest class of the soldiery, called *houspilliers*; she was surrounded by all the snares that fanaticism, and the desire of finding some pretext for putting her to death could suggest. Long did this noble female, by her heroic fortitude, frustrate the designs of her enemies, and uphold the glory which she had acquired in the field; but she was at last charged with fictitious crimes, and a Frenchman, Pierre Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, betraying his country and violating humanity, took upon himself to send her to execution.

The examination which she underwent, served but to render the nobleness of her character still more conspicuous. 'I never killed any person,' said she to her judges, or more properly speaking, her executioners. 'I always abhorred the shedding of human blood: I carried my standard at the head of the troops; the soldiers fought, and God gave the victory.' Cauchon, with a view to avoid the censure of having singly decided the fate of his victim, associated with himself a member of the Inquisition. A canon, named Loyseleur, was both judge and accuser; for he had the baseness to reveal the confessions, with which, on the faith of an oath, Joan of Arc had intrusted him. Lastly, this unfortunate creature was surprised into the signing of a recantation of assertions to which she was an utter stranger. From this period, Joan of Arc resumed her female apparel; but it was soon taken from her in the night, and the dress of a man substituted in its stead. When forced to rise, she was enraged at being compelled to put it on; and on this paltry incident, thus purposely contrived, she was accused of violating her oath, and relapsing into heresy. Sentence of death was pronounced upon her; the Inquisition placed on her head the fatal mitre; a scaffold was erected in the old market, now the *Place aux Veaux*, and on the 30th of May, 1430, the Maid of Orleans, preceded by her executioners, and surrounded by eight hundred armed men, was led to execution, accompanied by the public pity. The moderation of her complaints, her tears, her youth, the recollections of glory and virtue which she called forth, and, lastly, the sight of the pile destined to consume her, extorted demonstrations of the strongest sympathy from all the spectators.

In 1449, Charles VII. having become master of Normandy, lost no time in exerting the power which enabled him to restore the name of the illustrious female in all its purity. A great council was assembled; the witnesses of her sentence and death having been summoned and heard, the process was unanimously declared void in form and unjust in principle; and the memory of Joan of Arc, reinstated by her contemporaries, was held forth to the grateful admiration of posterity. A spirit of piety caused a cross to be erected on the spot where she was executed, but it was soon replaced by a

fountain, surmounted by a statue of Joan of Arc. The elegant style of this monument, and the lightness of the arabesques, bespoke the period of the revival of the arts in France. In 1775, it fell to ruin, but, instead of being repaired, a pedestal, destitute of elegance, was erected on the same spot, and now supports the statue of the heroine.

#### AMERICAN EXPEDITION TO THE INTERIOR OF THE GLOBE.

ABOUT three years ago, the American papers contained a singular proposal from a Captain Symmes, who was stated to be a respectable man, a man of intelligence and of sane mind. This gentleman declared that the 'earth was hollow, and habitable within, containing a number of solid concentric spheres, one within the other, and that it is open at the poles, twelve or sixteen degrees.' He pledged his life in support of the truth of his theory, and offered to explore the hollow, only asking 'one hundred brave companions, well equipped, to start from Siberia in the fall season, with rein-deer and sledges, on the ice of the frozen sea;' but although he engaged, that on reaching one degree northward of latitude 82°, they would find 'warm and rich land, stocked with thrifty vegetables and animals, if not men,' yet we do not hear that he has got any one to join him in the enterprise, although he has often appealed to the world to support him. His last call appears in one of the American papers just received, and is as follows:—

[CIRCULAR.]

Newport, Kentucky, April 17th, 1821.

TO THE MARITIME AND OTHER CIVILIZED POWERS OF THE WORLD.

HAVING, three years since, published a circular, in which I declared the earth to be hollow, and habitable within, &c. &c. and in which I offered my services to the world at large, for exploring; and having applied to several influential members of the government of the United States, to the Russian minister, (when at Cincinnati,) and to each of our resident ministers abroad, for their interest and countenance in my behalf, without yet hearing of any prospect of being called upon to fulfil my proposal, I am induced again to repeat my offer; and it is my desire that every nation or government will consider this address, when printed in the National Intelligencer of Washington, in the same light as a direct and personal application from me.

To that government which may first accept my services in a way suitable to the occasion, I shall hold myself pledged to wholly devote (for the particular honour and benefit of such nation,) my corporeal and mental powers—and even my life, if



necessary, to the utmost practicable examination of the new world I have announced.

Let any one who may deny the Theory to be well founded, answer all, or at least some, of the many arguments offered in support of it, before they undertake to pronounce its baseness. And if the author and his advocates are to be charged with defending an absurd position, let them be questioned in a court of argument, and judged by the world after a hearing pro and con.

It is held by the author, that the theory is a pious one; that there is nothing ignoble in it; that it is simple, and so well supported by principle and by facts, that its supporters have nothing to fear from any sort of test that can be applied to it.

The author is charged with over-doing the matter, by being too enthusiastic; and is told, that it would be better policy not to take such high ground at first, but dispense with concentric spheres for the present, and maintain only one sphere, &c. The reply is, that he does reserve some of his conclusions to be ripened by further reflection; others, however, though too new to be readily admitted by the world, are necessary to exemplify, with due consistency, the first principles of the theory; such, for example, is that of concentric spheres.

Most of the particulars already published in relation to that principle of philosophy which I have discovered and declared to exist, are to be found over my name on the files of the National Intelligencer.

JOHN CLEVES SYMMES.

#### JOHN C. SYMMES

Addresses himself to any who may deny that his theory of the earth is well founded, and asks them to shew the advocates of the theory wherein it is erroneous; and to offer any other theory, either old or new, which will better agree with the facts, phenomena, and occurrences, which have been cited in support of it. For example, how the principle explained in his Memoir, No. II. founded on the known or acknowledged laws of gravity, may be refuted? Why Saturn is seen surrounded by a concentric circle or ring, which, if not solid, must at least be liquid? Why the migrating quadrupeds and water-fowl about Hudson's Bay, go northwardly in autumn, and return from

\* The former states, that the grand Athapuscow River is two miles broad, with loamy banks one hundred feet above the ordinary surface of the water; the depth of the river not ascertained. And the latter describes the river he descended as being three hundred feet deep, and a very rapid and long river, with several large rivers coming into it. West, where Hearne went, must have been in a direction tending toward the concave equator, and at right angles with the oblique meridians marked on the wooden hemisphere shown in the lecture room. Both those travellers describe very large trees, and mention the country as being amply inhabited by men and quadrupeds.

the same course in the spring? Why certain rivers, found by Hearne and Mackenzie, (who were doubtless beyond the verge without being sensible of it,) were so remarkably broad and deep as they are described to be? \* Why none of the Indians Hearne saw, had ever heard of any sea to the westward? Why those Indians represent the country farther to the west or south-west, as so warm as never to have any frost or snow? Why the Esquimaux Indians at Copper-mine River, have goods such as the Danes of Greenland sell, and none such as the British sell at Hudson's Bay? Why Me-lo-no-be, the Indian chief who was Hearne's guide from Hudson's Bay, pointed out Copper-mine River as lying north and running an easterly course, whilst Hearne makes it lie north-west and run north? Why the variations described by Captain Parry, as lately published, corroborates the meridians long since marked out on the before-mentioned wooden hemisphere†.

Now is the time for America to shew her enterprise. The difficulty of getting as far north as Baffin, Ross, or Parry went, is as nothing: from thence, an armed force of one or two hundred men, could travel with hand-sledges on the snow and ice, as Hearne did, and, as they return from the woodland and country in the spring, haul, as he did, light bark canoes to cross the rivers and lakes, which open at that season before the snow disappears.

As certainly as this new theory is true, and Hearne an honest journalist, so certainly could the party soon reach that country of abundant game which Hearne describes; in travelling through which, he did not complain of cold, although he travelled all winter, and had many Indian women in company.

There appears to be this advantage in making the trip in winter, (in case the ships cannot pass the ice northward in September,) that the waters are then all bridged with ice, although the cold is not excessive; this is, most probably, owing to the centrifugal action produced in the concave, by the rotation of the earth operating so as to increase or aid the gravity acting on the molecules of water; hence, they may be formed and preserved in a fixed state, under a less degree of cold than is requisite for a like fixation here; the elastic molecules of quicksilver must be reduced by the same law; therefore, the cold there can, at present, only be tested by feeling, and not by the thermo-

† It is thought that Captain Parry should have sailed southwardly from the extremity of the verge, towards the concave equator, down Prince Regent, or some other southerly inlet, where it is probable he would have found a passage through the ice, especially if he waited sufficiently late in August or September; and on not succeeding in getting through, he might have proceeded on the ice during the winter, as Hearne did; for Parry, as well as Davis, Baffin, and Ross, were doubtless beyond the brow of the verge after they passed that line where the needle varied ninety degrees.

meter; hence it is accountable why Parry's crew hunted in winter, when the average of the thermometer was below zero, and why at that season they were only driven under deck when the winds blew hard; and why Hearne could sleep without fire, by only digging a hole in the snow, down to the moss, and lying with his sledge set up edgewise to windward.

The same law should, continually, or generally, reduce the elastic molecules of the atmosphere there, and hence set free heat therefrom; and thus, by the reduction, produce a flow of air from without toward the interior, which would be an apparently northerly wind, every where beyond the brow of the verge.

Doubtless, the south polar opening would afford, at its lowest part, opposite New Holland, a more certain passage by water than can be expected in the north. Indeed, it would be well to equip two expeditions—one for the north, and the other for the south. And we should lose no time, lest the maritime nations of Europe out-do us in the enterprise.

Lexington, March 14, 1820.

### Original Poetry.

#### EPITAPH

*For a Perfect Liar of the Name of TELL.*

HE lies all the day like a knave;  
He lies all his night-hours away;  
And when he is dead, he will lie in the grave,  
And TELL lies till the judgment-day.

J. R. P.

#### EPIGRAM,

*Written after hearing the Charity Children sing the old 100th Psalm, at the Anniversary, June 7, 1821.*

'WHAT thought you of the singing at St. Paul's?'

Cried Miss to Maa, as by her side she sat:  
'Why, if I must speak plainly;' Madam bawls,—

'Twas, like our table-beer, by far too flat!'

J. R. P.

#### STANZAS.

OH, gone for ever are the beams  
That on life's morning shone so bright:  
Remember'd but as faint, faint dreams;  
Seen like dim stars in life's dark night!

Clouds, clouds are intervening fast;  
Deep, deep I sink in sadness;  
And memory soon will look her last  
At aught that tokens gladness!

Oh! once the world for me was made,—  
For so my young heart told me;  
But I was by myself betrayed,  
For sorrows now infold me.

All that I dearly prized are fled,  
Fled to the silent tomb;  
The choicest flowers of life are dead,  
Mould'ring in church-yard gloom!

My boyhood's friend,—my boyhood's love,—  
To brighter worlds have flown,  
And I am left at last to prove  
Man's misery, alone!

Queen Street, Cheapside.

Y. F.



## SONNET,

*Occasioned by seeing Miss Dance as Juliana, in the Honeymoon, particularly in the dance scene, where she gained considerable applause.*

Not with more grace the beauteous sisters three\*,

Who sought the lovely prize *Aglaia* won,  
When round the golden circlet of the sun  
Their polish'd limbs, light waved gracefully!  
Nor sprightlier mov'd the nymph *Euphrosyne*,  
When o'er the springing flow'rs, with fairy tread,  
She tripp'd, scarce shaking off the trembling dew-drop's head

That kiss'd her silken feet—more soft than thee!  
Whose motion, airy, gay, harmoniously,  
Combin'd by nature to delight and prove  
That mortal forms have angel's symmetry,  
Can tune the chords and melt the soul to love!

All these, and more are, Juliana, thine,  
That make a constellation here divine!

HATT.

## A QUAKERESS YEARNING AFTER THE VAIN WORLD.

THIS meeting is a doleful place,  
Farewell!

Where one may sit with antique face,  
And scarcely dare, though crisp and prim,  
Convey one glance from hood to brim;  
Spirits—farewell!

O could I dress my bonnet gay,  
Farewell!

And let my hair in jewels play,—  
Adorn my cap with lace and flower,  
And wear a founce and Babel tower;  
Uprights—farewell!

O if I might to opera hie,  
Farewell!

Be favour'd with the royal eye;  
Yea, *a la mode*—with ostrich plumes,  
Be constant at the drawing-rooms;  
Tobits—farewell!

Then to the friends at Whitsuntide,  
Farewell!

His lordship's or the captain's bride;  
The pink at ball,—the ton at play;  
From *Gracious Street* for e'er and aye,  
Farewell! Farewell!

J. R. P.

## THE PARKS.

## AN EPISTLE TO —.

'O! bless us—here's Wilford's epistle at last;  
I wonder, now, what he's been doing so long?  
Perhaps this contains some account of the past,  
Of his little amours, in the shape of a song'—  
I fancy I hear you exclaim, as you break  
The seal that hides all that I scribble to you;  
But I have excuses, and many, to make—  
And the whole of them weighty and feasible too.

But now I must touch, as I promis'd you once,  
On the parks, and draw pictures of many a dunce—

Who there, in the dust that the vehicles make,  
Might be taken for nobles, by those who mistake;

Who having deserted the shop boards they sat on

From Monday 'till Saturday—terrible bore!—  
Or of counter-work tired—with a 'golden ball' hat on,

\* *Aglaia*, *Thalia*, and *Euphrosyne*. they were represented in the attitude of persons dancing; when Horace says, (lib. 1. od. 4.),  
'*Alternò terram quatiant pede.*'

I mean one whose brim, as I told you before,

Falls over his ears;—and a coat mighty fine—  
And all else too, of course—like themselves—quite divine!

They strut to and fro, in a dandyfied way—  
With nought in their pockets, and nothing to say,

Not deigning to turn to the left or the right:—  
Of the ground which they tread, they have never a sight,

For so primely put on are the 'kerchiefs they wear,

So stiffen'd with starch, and so folded they are—  
That the head seems as if 'twere immovably fix'd,

Not a joint the proud chin and the shoulder betwixt!

And some of these knights of the counter and shears,

In whom Lady Fashion so charming appears—  
Well booted and spurr'd—take a steed for the day,—

To drive, like their betters, dull sorrow away—  
And straight to the Park like true heroes, they must,

To ride round the ring in the midst of the dust,  
Just to shew themselves off—what it is to be higher

Than some 'paltry fellows'—their shopmates I mean—

In the world—and the like—what there is to be seen—

That the horses earn well what is paid for their hire!

And ladies, too, here, who have sighed all the week

For the first dawn of Sunday upon them to break,

Come clad in green silks—like the rest of the gay—

That nestle like leaves on a boisterous day—  
With founces that nearly extend to the waist—

Which, tight as a drum, is *delightfully* braced—  
That to breathe were a pain—but that's nothing you know—

Since fashion decrees—why it still *must* be so!  
And really I think, by and by there will be  
Set rules for reposing, when weary are we!

To proceed with my subject, the ring you must know

Is a long dusty road, where the fash'nables go  
To see and be seen,—and sit out the day,

As if they were waiting the close of a play:  
No matter to them, whether shining or raining,

'Tis Fashion decrees it, and there's no complaining.

Each promenade now is a beautiful place,  
And adorn'd too with many a beautiful face,

Whose smiles are as lovely as morning appears,

When night has been weeping, and earth is all tears!

But where so much folly on all sides is seen,  
As here in the group, is parading the green.

*Perfection itself* is a sensible fair,  
If sense can be found in one visitant there!

My stars! what a number of gentleman spurr'd!  
What a clanking of heels is on either side heard!

And all I declare, from a party of such  
As would fear the most tractable courser to touch!

Thus much have I said of the parks, and when I  
Again seize my pen, in description to vie

With my brothers in rhyming—the play house shall be

The theme I will touch on;—till then, think of me!

WILFORD.

## Fine Arts.

## ROYAL ACADEMY.

No. 161. 'Penshurst Place, Kent,' the seat of Sir John Sidney, Bart.; Miss Jackman. This is a very charming picture: and, independent of its merits as a work of art, it will create an increased interest when it is known, that the *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*, Sir Philip Sidney, who was a compound of all that was high spirited and romantic, of all that was gallant and brave,—that this darling son of chivalry was born in the house which is here so faithfully represented.

No. 164. 'The drunken Smith;' W. Kidd. This is a very correct picture of a very common scene in low life; the effect of the liquor on the besotted toper, is seen in his countenance, and the complaint that Garrick once made of a French actor, that his legs were sober, while he personated a drunkard, will not apply to the smith, who is drunk all over.

No. 171. 'Portrait of Sir Humphrey Davy, Bart. President of the Royal Society,' Sir Thomas Lawrence, P. R. A. is an admirable likeness of this truly great man. The two Presidentsought to be mutually obliged to each other; Sir Thomas, that the President of the Royal Society presents so fine a person, of which to perpetuate a likeness; and Sir Humphrey that the P. R. A. has exercised his almost matchless pencil with such happy effect. Sir Humphrey is, we believe, the first instance of a gentleman being elevated to the chair of the Royal Society, solely for his talents, at so early an age as forty;—his discoveries, however, seem rather the result of centuries than of years.

No. 193. 'Portrait of the late Benjamin West, P. R. A.' Sir T. Lawrence, There is not a portrait in the whole exhibition which pleases us so much as this, which represents the venerable President in his study, and in his usual painting gown, and is a faithful resemblance. If we mistake not, this picture is painted for the United States, and although it is the portrait of one of their own sons, who reached the summit of his art in this country, it will also shew that we possess a native who is worthy of being his successor. It is a masterly performance, chaste and simple, but producing all the effect possible by its modesty: the colouring is rich without gaudiness—the drapery natural, without the slightest appearance of art, and there is a



tranquil majesty about the whole picture worthy of the greatest portrait painters of any age or country.

No 194. 'Dover from the sea;' a squally day, wind against the tide; A. W. Callcot, R. A. is a very well executed sea-piece, both as to composition and colouring.

No. 217. 'The marriage of Richard of Shrewsbury, brother of Edward V. to the Lady Anne Mowbray, only daughter and heir of the Duke of Norfolk,' J. Northcote, R.A. Whatever the policy of former times might have dictated, the unnatural union of two children in marriage, at an age when whipping a top or playing with a doll would be most congenial to them, is now no longer practised either from mercenary or political motives. The venerable Northcote has, in this picture, given a vigorous display of his talents; the little chubby faced bride, who is a sweet infant, is an original composition, and the constrained gravity of the infant bridegroom is well expressed.

No. 261. 'Cleopatra's arrival in Cilicia;' W. Etty. Whether it is that the languid and luxurious beauty of Cleopatra is too much for human eye to dwell upon, or that the merits of this picture escape casual observation, we know not, but we see the visitors to the exhibition, turn from it with a slight glance, and it would seem almost involuntarily. The artist has really embodied the descriptions of Plutarch and of Shakespeare—the magnificent galley—the stern covered with gold—the sails of purple 'and so perfumed the winds were love-sick with them,' the oars of silver, keeping time to the music of flutes and pipes and harps;—the queen, in the character of Venus, reclining under a canopy embroidered with gold,—the boys like Cupids fanning her,—the maids like the Nereids and Graces assisting in the steerage of the vessel;—all these are represented so far as the pencil can represent so luxurious a scene. The languishing beauty of Venus, and the exquisite loveliness of her attendant maids, and lovely Cupids are most delightfully portrayed; and the artist has only to proceed in the noble career he has chosen to reach the summit of his art.

No. 273. 'Scene in the musical entertainment of *Lock and Key*, with portraits of Mrs. Orger, Miss Cubitt, Mr. Munden, and Mr. Knight;' G. Clint. This is an admirable picture, whether considered as to the composition or the fidelity of the portraits; the broad humour of Munden, the naiveté of

Knight, the arch leer of Mrs. Orger, and the modesty of Miss Cubitt, are all well expressed; the back ground of the picture is appropriate, and the colouring harmonious.

No. 282. 'An Author reading his Play, in the Green Room, to the Performers of Drury Lane Theatre,' Mr. W. Sharp; has some good portraits, but there does not appear to us sufficient character in the expression of the author; indeed, there is a tameness about this picture, which is not sufficiently redeemed either by the composition or tone of colouring, both of which, however, are entitled to praise.

No. 293. 'The Discovery of the Regalia of Scotland, with the Portraits of the Commissioners, &c.;' A. Geddes. The Scottish interest must certainly have been very strong, when the Committee of the Royal Academy consented to let this acre of spoiled canvas usurp the largest space and one of the best situations in the whole exhibition. The subject may, perhaps, be deemed of interest to some persons, but the picture itself is not calculated to please any one. The portraits may be likenesses for any thing we know, but as most of the individuals are not known beyond the precincts of 'auld reekie,' this picture, if exhibited any where, (an honour of which we think it unworthy) should have been confined to Edinburgh. We cannot sufficiently reprehend the conduct of the managers in admitting this picture, which has not one single claim to a place among works of art.

We had intended, in our present number, to have turned to the Model Academy, which contains some very excellent productions from our first sculptors, but we find we must defer it to our next.

#### MR. WARD'S PICTURE OF THE TRIUMPH OF WATERLOO.

THE very existence of this picture furnishes a proud instance of the patronage of British art, and a strong proof that it is not unworthy of it. The British Institution, which, since its establishment, has rendered such eminent services to the fine arts, in 1816, advertised and circulated letters, inviting the painters of the united kingdom, to send to the gallery a finished sketch of the battle of Waterloo. Mr. Ward, whose talents as an artist are well known, sent a sketch, in which the subject is treated allegorically. This met with the approbation of the directors, who commissioned Mr. Ward to

paint a picture from it, at the liberal price of two thousand guineas, designing to present it to the Royal Hospital, at Chelsea, as a national commemoration of the moral and political effects of this great victory.

Although we are decided enemies to the mixture of allegory and reality, and even to all allegory, where the allusion is too remote to be easily understood, yet we cannot deny, that this is a noble picture, and, in order that our readers may comprehend it as the author designed it should be understood, we quote a portion of his own description:—

'The Genius of Wellington, upon the car of War, directed by Britannia, who bears in her hand the trident, which, with the tri-coloured cross, upon her shield, (supporting the hero,) is emblematic of that Power which superintends the whole. On her head is a richly embossed helmet, composed of gold, silver, and steel, intended to convey an idea of the three ages; and for her crest the Dove of Peace, sustaining the fiery rays of Genius.

'The hero is commanding away the demons,—Anarchy, Rebellion, and Discord, with the Horrors of War; as variegated serpents, and harpies. Bellona is endeavouring to take the reins of the horses of war; and is urging them on with her many-thong scourge, while they are tightly restrained by Humanity or Love to Mankind, seated upon the head of Britannia's Lion. Between these two contending principles, Hatred to Mankind the origin, and Love to Mankind the conclusion of the War, the horses are regulated by the cardinal virtues, Prudence, Fortitude, Temperance, and Justice. The horses are of the Hanoverian breed, in allusion to the house of Hanover. Usurpation, with the crown removed from its head, and marked with blood, is sinking under the feet of the horses. Opposition and Tumult are expiring under the wheels of the car; on the side of which are the rose, thistle, and shamrock,—England, Scotland, and Ireland, which have formed the splendid carriage composed of pearl and gold, and decorated with gems, and upon its end is the palm-tree, emblem of Victory, and to which are endeavouring to fasten themselves, the passions,—Anger, Cruelty, and Revenge; but they are overturned, and sinking under the foot of Charity, whose other foot is on the emblems of Slavery. She is raising her children into the bosom of Religion.

'In the back-ground, are Blucher and Platoff, expressive of the allies, in union with Wellington, bearing the colours of the different nations engaged in this important struggle.

'Before the horses, and descending from the clouds, is the Hydra-headed monster, as the seven evils, in contradistinction to the seven virtues, which, with Religion, are the companions and assis-



tants of Britannia. This creature alludes to those direful principles which have disturbed the civilized world, and followed by serpentine monsters, as its companions or satellites, streaming from darkness, flames, and blood, are sinking into the pit of confusion and remorse. Immediately under this whirling overgrown reptile, is Rapine, with its many teeth, and Fear, a terrified Harpy, flying to Despair, who is leading them into the abyss, to which they are all hurrying.

We are far from thinking with Mr. Ward, that this picture is 'capable of furthering the morals and establishing the happiness of man,' nor do we see what the battle of Waterloo had to do with advancing 'the spirit of truth' or 'stemming the torrent of infidelity,' of which Mr. Ward speaks. For our own parts, we would have had politics and religion entirely left out of the question, and feel very confident, that as a battle piece, it would not only have been more appropriate for Chelsea Hospital, but much more easily understood, and more likely to perpetuate the event it is intended to record.

But, after all, this picture is the production of no ordinary genius, the very conception bespeaks a superior mind, the composition is one of great skill, and the execution does the artist great credit; the portraits are good, the emblematical figures are striking, and the whole is powerfully impressive.

### The Drama.

The benefits of this season have generally been well attended at both houses; and this we rejoice the more at, as the performers have, almost without a single exception, avoided rendering themselves ridiculous by attempting characters for which they were totally unsuited; for, although it may afford some sport, and attract a few gallery customers, to see Mr. Young play Macbeth, or Liston play Ophelia, yet who is there that has the slightest pretensions to dramatic taste, would not much rather see them adhering to that walk in which they so eminently excel. Among the principal novelties at the benefits, may be mentioned Mr. Macready's personification of Hamlet, which was one of the finest and most successful performances we ever witnessed. It was a truly original and masterly representation of the character of the noble Dane, and one that we long to see repeated, when we shall notice it at greater length than our present limits will permit.

**DRURY LANE.**—On Saturday night,

being Whitsun-eve, an oratorio was given at this theatre, being the last under the direction of Sir George Smart; and, as if to make us feel his loss the more strongly, he rendered his last effort doubly attractive. It comprised such an array of vocal and instrumental talent, as we scarcely ever saw combined, and the entertainment was consequently rich, varied, and animating. It was a cento of the most popular compositions that had been performed at the Lent Oratorios, and included the Coronation Anthem, the famous quartetto from the grand Requiem, Luther's Hymn, and several favourite airs, which never weary in the repetition. Mrs. Salmon gave 'Sweet Bird' in her best manner; and in a duet with Miss Stephens, she was particularly successful. These two unrivalled voices blended in perfect harmony, and the duet was encored. Ambrogetti, in the duet with Mrs. Salmon, taken from 'Il Fanatico,' raised continual shouts of laughter. Braham was in fine tune, and, as usual, was much applauded. Mesdames Camporese and Vestris also sung delightfully. The instrumental part was not less powerfully sustained; the violin of Kresewetter, the violincello of Lindley, the French horn of Puzzi, the fine flute of Nicholson, and Bochs with his thirteen harps, played by his thirteen pupils, gave a powerful assistance on the occasion. The house, we are happy to say, was well filled:

### The Bee.

*'Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,  
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta.'*

LUCRETIVS.

**Walking on Water.**—Mr. Kent, from Glasgow, exhibited, on Friday, his machine for walking upon water, in one of the new wet docks at Leith. The novelty of the circumstance drew together a considerable crowd to witness the uncommon scene. The apparatus consisted of a triangle of about ten feet, formed of iron, to each angle of which was affixed a case of block tin, filled with air, and completely watertight. These little boats or cases seemed to be about two feet and a half long, by about one foot and a half broad, and served to buoy up the machine and its super-incumbent weight. These cases, we understand, are filled with little hollow balls, attached by a chain, and capable of floating the machine, should any accident happen to the outer case. From the centre of the little boats, rose other rods, bent

upwards, so as to meet in the middle at a convenient height, and forming at this junction a small seat or saddle, like that of the common velocipede. Like that machine, likewise, it has a cushion for the breast, and ropes or reins to guide the case at the apex of the triangle; and, upon the whole, the motion is produced in nearly the same manner. When in the seat, Mr. Kent's feet descended to within a few inches of the water; and to his shoes were buckled the paddles, made of block-tin likewise, and having a joint yielding in one direction, so as not to give a counter-motion to the machine when moving the leg forward for a new stroke. His heels rested in stirrups attached to the saddle, and the motion was performed by the alternate action of the feet. Mr. Kent started about half-past two o'clock, and after various evolutions, crossing and re-crossing the dock several times, and firing a fowling-piece, which, with a fishing-rod, were buckled to the rod in front of the saddle, he proved, to the satisfaction of the numerous spectators, the complete safety of his machine, and the practicability of using it even for a considerable distance.—*Edinb. Courant.*

**Feudal Wealth.**—Hugh, Lord Le Despenser, called Earl of Gloucester, (who was executed,) was possessed, at his death, of no less than 59 lordships in different counties, 28,000 sheep, 1000 oxen and steers, 1200 kine, with their calves, 40 mares, with their colts of two years, 160 drawing horses, 2000 hogs, 3000 bullocks, 40 tons of wine, 600 bacons, 80 carcasses of Martinmas beef, 600 muttons; in his larder, 10 tons of cyder; armour, plate, jewels, and ready money, better than 10,000l.; 26 sacks of wood, and a library of books.

**Wine.**—Jemsheed, who is celebrated as the founder of Persepolis, was the first who discovered wine. He was immoderately fond of grapes, and desired to preserve some; which were placed in a large vessel, and lodged in a vault for future use. When the vessel was opened, the grapes had fermented; and their juice in this state was so acid, that the King believed it must be poisonous. He had some vessels filled with it, and *poison* written upon each; they were placed in his room. It happened that one of his favourite ladies was affected with nervous head aches; the pain distracted her so much, that she desired death. Observing a vessel with *poison* written on it, she took it and swallowed its contents. The wine, for such it had become, overpowered the lady, who fell



down into a sound sleep, awoke much refreshed and delighted with the remedy,—she repeated the dose often, so the monarch's poison was all drank. He soon discovered this, and forced the lady to confess what she had done. A quantity of wine was made; and Jemshedd and all his court drank of the new beverage; which, from the circumstance that led to its discovery, is to this day known in Persia by the name of Zcher-e-Kooshon—the *delightful poison*.

In a French paper of the 1st June, 1821, a *Scotch dog* is advertised to be sold; 'the owner demands 1500 francs for him, which he will consent to take in works of science of an equal value.'

The Lancasterian system makes a rapid progress in France; in the department of the Moselle there are of an age to go to school 27,507 boys and 24,593 girls; of these 23,916 boys and 21,040 girls attend the schools.

Saving banks are becoming general in France; at Rouen, in six months, the receipts amount to 100,000 francs, (4000l.); and at Paris in eight months, above 16,000l. The effect on the morals of the lower classes is already felt.

#### TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

THE review of Sir Robert Ker Porter's Travels will be resumed in our next.

Mr. S. R. Jackson is requested to send to our office for a letter.

The favours of J. R. P., H. A., \*\*M., Alpheus, W. W. M. and D. W., have been received, and shall have early attention.

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riched with small figures of the latter end of the 15th century; its sculptured ornaments are varied and elaborate. At Stuttgart, our author visited Dannecker, the sculptor, whom he calls the Chantrey of Suabia. Of the productions of this artist he speaks with raptures. He was admitted to the study of the sculptor, where, says he—

‘It was my good fortune to witness one original of transcendent merit. I mean the Colossal head of Schiller; who was the intimate friend and a townsman (Stuttgart) of this able sculptor. I never stood before so expressive a modern countenance. The forehead is high and wide, and the projections over the eyebrows are boldly but finely and gradually marked. The eye is rather full, but retired. The cheeks are considerably shrunk. The mouth is full of expression, and the chin somewhat elongated. The hair flows behind in a broad mass, and ends in a wavy curl upon the shoulders; not very unlike the professional wigs of the French barristers, which I had seen at Paris. Upon the whole, I prefer this latter, for breadth and harmony, to the formal conceit of the wig à la Grecque. “It was so,” said Dannecker, “that Schiller wore his hair; and it was precisely with this physiognomical expression that he came out to me, dressed en roquelaure from his inner apartment, when I saw him for the last time. I thought to myself on so seeing him,” added the sculptor, “that it is thus that I will chisel your bust in marble.” Dannecker then requested me to draw my hand gently over the forehead, and to observe by what careful and almost imperceptible gradations, this boldness of front had been accomplished. I listened to every word that he said about the extraordinary character then, as it were, before me, with an earnestness and pleasure which I can hardly describe; and walked round and round the bust with a gratification approaching to ecstasy. They may say what they please at Rome, or at London, but a finer specimen of art, in its very highest department, and of its particular kind, the chisel of no living sculptor hath achieved. As a bust it is perfect. It is the man; with all his mind in his countenance; without the introduction of any sickly airs and graces, which are frequently the result of a predetermination to treat it as Phidias or Praxiteles would have treated it.’

From Stuttgart, Mr. Dibdin visited Ulm, Augsburg, and Munich, where he made several bibliographical gleanings; but we cannot pursue the subject farther, and shall, therefore, only quote two anecdotes; the first, of Bonaparte, is related on the authority of Moreau:—

‘It was during the crisis of some great battle in Austria, when the fate of the day was very doubtful, that Bonaparte ordered Lasnes to make a decisive movement with his cavalry. Lasnes seemed to hesitate—

Bonaparte reiterated the order, and Lasnes appeared to hesitate again—as if doubting the propriety of the movement. Bonaparte eyed him with a look of ineffable contempt; and added, almost fixing his teeth together, in a hissing but biting tone of sarcasm,—“*Est ce que je t’ai fait trop riche ?*” Lasnes dashed his spurs into the sides of his charger, and prepared to put the command of his master into execution.’

The next anecdote, with which we shall conclude, relates to Bonaparte’s successful opponent, the Duke of Wellington, and was related to Mr. Dibdin when on his route from Ratisbon to Nuremberg. He says,—

‘We reached Neumarkt about night-fall and got into very excellent quarters. The rooms of the inn which we occupied had been filled by the Duke of Wellington and Lord Castlereagh on their journey to Congress in the winter of 1814. The master of the inn related to us a singular anecdote respecting the duke. On hearing of his arrival, the inhabitants of the place flocked round the inn, and, the next morning, the duke found the tops of his boots half cut away, from the desire which the people expressed of having some memorial of the “Great Captain of the Age;” so I heard him called every where in Austria and Bavaria by men of every rank and degree in society, and by professional men as frequently as by others. I recollect when at Landsturt, standing in the door of the hotel, and conversing with two gallant-looking Bavarian officers, who had spent half their lives in the service, one of them declaring that ‘he should like to have been opposed to Wellington; to have died in such opposition, if he could not have vanquished him.’ I asked him why? “Because,” said he “there is glory in such a contest, for he is doubtless the first captain of the age.”

Mr. Dibdin afterwards visited Vienna, and turned the Imperial Library, and every public and private collection, almost top-sy-turvy, in order to discover their rarest contents; this part of the work is almost exclusively bibliographical: we could extract curious particulars from it, but we must now take our leave. It appears to us, that this work possesses all the merits and all the faults of the author’s former productions; there is much that is interesting, but more that is trifling; sometimes ingenious trifling, we admit, but it is unworthy of such a work; his affectation, in introducing scraps of French and bits of black letter, is, to say the least of it, very silly; and his continued eulogies on the talents of Mr. Lewis, though well merited, savour strongly of puffing. We cannot, however, avoid awarding the highest praise to this artist, whose pencil

has been abundantly exercised in all the varieties of portrait, landscape, architecture, &c., with the happiest success. The embellishments are certainly of the highest order, and the work does much credit to the graphic and typographic taste of the age.

*My Note-Book; or, Sketches from the Gallery of St. Stephens. A Satirical Poem.* By Wilfred Woodfall, Esq. 12mo. pp. 97. London, 1821.

It is now 5 o’clock p. m. on Thursday, a time when our critical labours are usually concluded, but so smart a little satire has been put into our hands that we will not suffer a moment’s delay before we introduce it to our readers. Wilfred Woodfall, Esq. is a worthy successor to the ingenious authors of the Bath Guide, and the Rejected Addresses, and he has a more legitimate subject for his poetical cat-o’-nine-tails than either of his predecessors. His little poem has nothing of party in it; he has been contented ‘to shoot folly as it flies,’ whether he found it on the treasury, opposition, or cross-benches, and, therefore, we find faithful portraits of members of all descriptions from the Marquess of Londonderry to Mr. Richard Martin, including Messrs. Croker, Peter Moore, Bragge Bathurst, Bennet, Wynne, Hobhouse, Wood, Douglas, Brougham, Lord Lowther, Sir Joseph Yorke, &c. The scene may be said to be one night’s debate, in which the characters appear naturally and without constraint. It is commenced by Peter Moore, who whines to Sheridan’s memory, and abuses ministers for sending a commission to inquire into the conduct of the Queen; Martin calls him to order without cause. At length, Mr. Br—gge, with ‘paunch obese and gills of livid hue,’ rises to answer the member for Coventry; and those who have heard the right honorable member, will think the following no bad imitation of his style:—

“If principles ’gainst principles be set,  
Then let those principles be fairly met:  
I mean sound principles,—the House will see  
That principles, in which we all agree,  
Are not like principles that raise a doubt:  
Now, sir, a man may often turn about,  
And take up principles oppos’d to those;  
But, what’s the consequence? no mortal knows.  
This, sir, I think, does certainly embrace  
The great and leading features of the case.  
The honourable member has no right  
A premature discussion to invite  
Upon a Bill drawn-up with so much care,  
And now in progress, as we know, elsewhere:  
I deprecate the course he has pursu’d,  
As calculated only to delude.



Why, sir, we know that inferences just  
Are drawn from premises when well discuss'd ;  
Some measures may be censur'd in detail,  
But the great principle will never fail,  
When, from the proposition, comes that sense  
Which proves the necessary consequence. (A  
laugh.)

My noble friend and I have ever tried,  
Upon this principle, our plans to guide ;  
But, I lament, sir, that in times like these,  
Do what they will, no ministers can please."

After some interruptions and explanations from Peter, Mr. Bennet rises,—

'He, who, living, for each creature lives,  
Who both his ears with prompt delusion gives  
To ev'ry sharper, swindler, knave, or thief,  
If he, who asks them, will but ask relief.'

He rises to present a petition, to  
complain of the conduct of some magistrate ; and the silly, trifling, and  
affected sensibility of this gentleman, is  
very well hit off in the following story  
which he relates :—

'A little boy, who drove a little ass,  
A month ago, thro' Fulham chanc'd to pass ;  
Two pendant baskets which the donkey bore,  
Contain'd its master's last remaining store  
Of baking apples, which, in tedious rout,  
The little vagrant daily hawk'd about.  
Not far from Fulham had he bent his way,  
When his poor ass, with fear, began to bray ;  
And well it might,—for soon a fellow grapples  
The harmless lad, and tumbles out his apples.  
But, why this outrage ?—Sir, I know not why,—  
Except that in each basket chanc'd to lie  
A quartern loaf, which some vile baker swore  
Had left his basket half an hour before,  
Alleging, as a proof of what he said,  
That he could well identify the bread ;  
And that the boy upon his dog had gain'd  
While he was by a customer detain'd.  
Was ever tale more clearly void of truth ?—  
Yet, neither could the innocence nor youth  
Of this poor lad secure him from a goal ;  
He had no friends, so could procure no bail.  
The magistrate, a scandal to the land,  
Refus'd to listen,—would not understand  
The artless story which the prisoner told,—  
How he bought bread, his apples when he sold.  
To Newgate, sir, at once he had him sent,  
And, still on cruel violence intent,  
He thus address'd him, with unfeeling heart :—  
"You graceless thief, your back is sure to  
smart ;  
The cat shall teach you people's goods to pass,  
And steal no loaves when next you drive your  
ass."

These were the words, the barb'rous words, he  
spoke ;

But words cannot describe the piteous look  
Which the dumb brute, with terror and dismay,  
Cast on the boy, as he was borne away.  
Now, sir, I ask, is not this flagrant case,  
To British justice, a most foul disgrace.  
Can we,—can we,—I say, sir, can we sit  
Within these walls, and such disgrace permit ?  
The noble lord may bear it as he will ;  
But, as for me, my duty I'll fulfil,  
And "drag the struggling monster into day,"  
Who dar'd to act —, (Hear, hear, from  
C—st—rgh ;)

Yes, this I'll do,—I tell the noble lord,  
Unless the boy is to his ass restor'd.'

Castlereagh next—

'stands forth,  
By native ease to give his nonsense worth.'

How well this observation applies to  
him, let the following, which is a fair  
specimen in verse of one of his speeches  
in prose, testify :—

— "The House, I think, will find  
That matters may with questions be combin'd ;  
Which have no common texture in their loom,  
If party will be warp'd to give them room ;  
Th' invectives we have heard from t'other side  
Came floating on the perforating tide  
Of declamation, and the slimy beach  
Is wash'd with all the noxious weeds of speech  
At this conjecture, when the vital spring  
Of moral action takes a lawless swing ;  
When the pure stream of justice finds its links  
By faction question'd in its public chinks ;  
When men of probity are sure to fall  
Within the reach of that outrageous gall,  
Which blinds the senses and corrupts the heart ;  
When none are spar'd who act an honest part ;  
When black sedition runs its odious race  
To subjugate the intellectual pace,  
Which leads to social order by a course,  
Distinct from mobs and democratic force,  
And turns the scale of equi-pendent pow'r  
Obedient to the working of the hour,—  
That working which the Constitution feels,  
As each new impulse operates on wheels  
That never cease their circumambient rounds,  
Yet never go beyond their proper bounds. (A  
laugh)

At such a time I see, with great regret,  
That in this House some gentlemen are met,  
Who draw upon their figurative stores  
To countenance the clamour out of doors,  
And speak in terms which no man can endure  
Of individuals scrupulously pure.  
Really, sir, it is too much to brook  
That such a worthy man as Mister C—k  
Should have his name dragg'd forth to public  
scorn ;

No better man, I'm sure, was ever born.  
The breath of calumny could never reach  
The spotless character of Sir John L—ch,—  
A man whose mind no pow'r on earth could  
sway,  
If standing prostrate justice marr'd the way ;  
A man, who in his public conduct shews  
The private qualities by which he rose. (A  
laugh.)

A man, of all, who knows not to collapse  
With circumstances into open gaps ;  
Nor seeks, by retrogressive movements, to ad-  
vance,  
Tho' retrogression may sometimes enhance  
The value of that honourable prize  
Which fair ambition holds before its eyes."

'Smell-Journal W—ne' next speaks,  
and is followed by—

'John Cam, the glory and the rising hope  
Of fam'd Sir Francis,'

Whose small talk and fondness for  
Latin quotations is well ridiculed.  
Speaking of Latin quotations, brings  
us to the worthy member for Galway,  
who, in the course of a very luminous  
speech, introduces the following epi-  
sode :—

'I have a garden, sir, at Connamarra,  
Where Mick Mullowny one day drew the har-  
row ;

"Now Mick," says I, "take care of the young  
trees :—"

"Don't fear," says he, "'tis I that sav'd the  
bees,

And sent them swarming back into the hive ;  
They came out dead, but now they're all alive."  
(A loud laugh.)

I walk'd away, but, when I came to look  
At all the pains the lazy rascal took,  
I soon exclaim'd—"You prince of stupid  
brutes !

Upon my soul you've torn up all the roots !"  
The fellow stood, and, gaping like a fool,  
Listen'd awhile most insolently cool,—  
"Then, sir," says he, "don't say a word  
about 'm ;

The trees, I know, will grow as well without 'm."  
(Laughter.)

Need I observe how well this case applies  
To ev'ry wicked radical, who tries  
To pluck those roots from which the church and  
King,

And all the lords, and all the judges spring ?  
None will assert, that, if the roots were gone,  
The trunks would thrive as hitherto they've  
done.

Sir, as for freedom, we have quite enough !—  
The Mayor of Galway gave a smart rebuff  
To one Tim Shaughnessy, the other day,  
Who wish'd to dictate rather than obey ;  
And ask'd the worthy magistrate to call  
A public meeting, with intent to brawl  
Against the constitution of the land.  
"Tim," says the may'r, "I'll answer your de-  
mand,

By letting Galway see your naked back,  
If one word more of politics you clack ;  
You are, I find, a most inhuman pig ;  
You don't regard the venerable wig  
Upon the parson, or the parish priest,—  
You've turn'd philosopher, you dirty beast."

(Much laughter.)  
Here is a mayor on whom we can depend,—  
I always was and still will be his friend ;  
His uncle's grandson, Mr. Daly knows,  
To me some lasting obligations owes.  
I made him bailiff of my own estate ;"

(Hem ! question ! question !)  
D—ck.—"Wait a little, wait !—  
But one word more, sir, and I shall sit down  
(Hear, hear, cries N-l-n ;—hear, cries D-l-s  
B-r-n.)

Horace compar'd his nation to a ship,—  
I sometimes into that fine author dip ;  
And now I say—*O navis novi fluctus*.—  
"I rise to order," cries Sir W—m C—rt-s :  
No member ought to quote broad Irish here."  
(A laugh.)

"Irish !" says D—ck : "Irish it may appear  
To those who sit in judgment at Guildhall,  
To ev'ry alderman both great and small ;  
But, in this house, it will be understood  
As Latin, metaphorically good" (A laugh.)  
Sir W—m explains :

"Yes, I perceive I made a slight mistake ;—"  
D—ck :—"I once mistook a gander for a drake."

The city worthy, Alderman Wood,  
though lashed in rhyme, is praised in  
prose, in a note, for his activity as  
chief magistrate of the city, and for  
his humanity in rescuing the three con-  
demned Irishmen from the gallows.  
The minute detail of this worthy bur-  
gess is well described, but we have  
only room for the exordium of his  
speech.

'Now sapient W—d, that alderman so great,  
Who, in the pomp and pageantry of state,  
For two whole years a city monarch shone,  
Dispensing justice from his cockney throne,



And sending harlots, with their flashmen, hopping,  
Beyond the bounds of Temple Bar and Wapping;  
W—d, whom the halls of Brandenburg confess  
The boldest squire of ladies in distress;  
Whom Count Vassali hails with heartfelt glee,  
And Countess Oldi calls her *cher ami*,  
Because their pensions, as they think, were sav'd

By his emprise, so nobly he behav'd;  
Now does he in his wonted style essay  
A congruous, clear, consecutive display.  
"I hope and trust the house will not expect  
That I should now her Majesty protect,  
By telling of the various facts I know;  
And I *ashore* the house they'll give a blow,—  
A blow, that, falling like a clap of thunder,  
Will strike nation and the house with wonder.  
I was at breakfast, in my morning gown,  
My eldest daughter, then, was out of town;  
My youngest boy was sitting by my side;  
My eldest son had just gone out to ride:  
My cook and butler had that day got marry'd,  
And, three months after, the poor bride mis-

carry'd. (A laugh.)  
I'm thus minute, to shew that I can tell  
The very day I heard from Serjeant Pell  
A fine quotation—I forget the book,  
From which these words the learned serjeant took:

"But he who filches from me my good name,"  
Let all the Queen's traducers, to their shame,  
Observe the words, and learn at last to stop;—  
Now off to France I soon resolv'd to pop.  
Certainly no longer could remain,  
From circumstances which I can't explain;  
I take no credit in the thing,—not I;  
My services I never could deny  
To any lady; and for Caroline,  
Our gracious Queen! my life I would resign."

The barbarous pronunciation of the  
modern Whittington does not, of  
course, escape Mr. Woodfall. We  
must pass over Mr. Brougham, though  
the satirist has been quite at home  
with him, to notice

"That plodding pioneer,"  
Hume, who, in despite of himself and  
the house, renders good service to the  
country, by his unconquerable pertinacity and zeal. Among articles that  
require retrenchment, the member for  
Aberdeen complains of the dress of the  
yeomen of the guard, and the expense of  
the men who have 30l. per annum, in  
the island of Ceylon, for guarding elephants' teeth. He has, however, a  
more serious charge to make against  
Ministers—that of neglecting his countrymen in the affair of the

#### COAL METERS.

"The house, I hope, will give me leave to add  
A word or two upon a case so bad  
That language of the strongest kind must fail  
Its gross injustice fairly to detail.  
It shows how far a system can proceed  
By which alone the drones of office feed,—  
A system that, regardless of their worth,  
Neglects those hardy ver'rans from the north,  
My countrymen, who fought before they fed,  
While lazy Cockneys gorg'd and went to bed:

(A laugh.)  
No Abercrombies, Douglasses, or Grahams,  
Are station'd as coal-meters on the Thames.

On these, a bold and independent race,  
The partial minister confers no place.  
Too proud to sue, they never haunt the spot  
Where the rewards of bows and scrapes are got.  
But is it, sir, because a Scotchman's feet  
Daun't chance to lead him into Downing Street,

Or near the Treas'ry, that he must forgo  
The claims of justice? Sir, I answer, no!  
As clever men as ever cross'd the Tweed  
Are disregarded for a puny breed  
Of stupid cockneys, insolent and vain,  
Who all the places on the Thames obtain:  
On ev'ry wharf where colliers land their coal,  
The cockney rules with absolute control.  
In short, because he has a lucky *rot* \*  
He's sure to get whatever can be *bot* †.

\* 'Vote.' † 'Bought.'  
Sir, this corrupt monopoly is vile,  
And I'll give *notice* in a little while  
Of some decisive motion that shall make  
The city jobbers and their masters quake."  
(Cheers and laughter.)

Here we terminate, and we could not  
do it at a more appropriate expression,  
for if the perusal of this very smart  
little work does not produce 'cheers  
and laughter,' we shall henceforth  
have no faith in our judgment, and no  
very enviable opinion of the reader's  
understanding.

*A Dialogue in the Shades; between  
William Caxton a Bibliomaniac, and  
William Wynken, Clerk. Rare Doings  
at Roxburghe Hall, a Ballad.  
The Diary of Roger Payne. 8vo.  
London, 1821.*

OUR readers will this week have 'the  
bane and antidote set before them.'  
We have already devoted some space  
to the last production of the first of  
bibliomaniacs, and we now turn to a  
very smart *jeu d'esprit* on bibliomaniacal follies, which it happily ridicules,  
while it censures with due severity  
those pretended patrons of literature,  
whose only object is—

— 'to look  
On tatter'd scraps of ancient book;  
A catchword seize as quick as Barto,  
And tell a folio from a quarto;  
Uniques with piercing eye to ken,  
Prize one of two leaves more than ten;  
Old Homer, Pliny, Plato, Cæsar,  
Discard for Tom, the courtly sneezer;  
"Joe Splynter's gestic" and "Withers' crums"  
Prefer to Philo's axioms.'

The 'Rare Doings at Roxburghe-Hall' is an imitation of the well-known  
ballad of Chevy Chase, in honour of  
the sale, of the Valdrafer Decameron,  
which, after a spirited contest, was purchased at the Duke of Roxburghe's  
sale at the immense sum of 2260l. by  
the Marquess of Blandford, now the  
Duke of Marlborough. Bibliomania  
has somewhat declined since then, as,  
when his Grace, after having the *toy* in  
his possession half a dozen years, sent

it again to the hammer, it *only* fetched  
875 guineas.

The diary of Roger Payne is in  
prose; this honest tradesman was a  
bookbinder, who lived close to the  
Mew's Gate, and he has had all the  
immortality that bibliomania can confer  
on him for his skill in his art or profession. Whatever talent, however, he  
possessed in this line, he must not be  
thought to have been infected with the  
mania of his employers, as will be seen  
from one or two extracts from his diary:—

'Saturday.—Took Sir John Trusthold's  
six folio volumes of Turnpike Tickets to  
his house in C— square, No. 1. to  
3690 from 1757 to 1771: bound in the  
best Levant morocco, nicely inlaid, with  
a ruled border round each—squared true  
with the compasses—the dirty ones required several washings to take out the  
dirt and grease—made them quite clean;  
sewed with the best silk; no false bands—  
made them open well—took a great deal  
of time finishing.—Sir John's arms on the  
sides being obliged to be worked off plain  
first, and afterwards the gold laid on, and  
worked off again—carefully and honestly  
done.

'Wednesday.—Sir John gave me seven-  
teen volumes of small outlandish books,  
*Elsevurs* he called them, for binding in  
plain morocco, single lines—ordered to  
be well beat to stretch them out, and with  
stilted boards to make them look tall.  
Sir John told me to be sure to put plenty  
of alum in my paste, and *bind* the worms,  
to prevent them from breeding.'

Roger next visits Mr. Gorge-Book,  
a great collector of 'old songs, strange  
stories, and doleful ditties,' whom, after  
wading through long alleys and rows of  
quires and bound, he at last finds block-  
ed up in a corner:—

"He had just finished collating a little  
book called the "*Mousings of Tibby the  
Black Cat*;" which he told me he had  
bought at the last Chumcheat sale for  
twenty six pounds and fifteen shillings;  
and that it was a *unuch*.\* It so happened,  
as I told him, that I had the week before  
bound a very fine copy of the same *unuch*  
for Miss *Felissa C.*— who has a very  
large collection in the *Pussy* line: this lady  
was a very good customer of mine, and I  
took great pains to make her *unuch* as  
beautiful as possible, by picking the best  
leaves out of three copies: this I reckoned  
one of my best performances; and, as it  
gave great satisfaction to Miss *Felissa*,  
thought I could not better recommend  
myself to Mr. Gorge-Book, than by tell-  
ing him how tastily it was bound—when  
I talked of the three copies, I observed  
him to make a wry face, but could not  
guess why: after a little shaking of the

\* 'Without adverting to the gender of the  
cat, it is conjectured Roger misspelled the word,  
which probably means *unique*.'—S.



under lip, all was smooth again. Being always very careful not to offend, I concluded he was not displeased with my behaviour, but that something unpleasant at that moment came across him. Desired his Cat-Book to be bound exactly in the same way, that is in gray tortoise shell, with a great variety of *cats-eye* tooling on the back and sides, and the inside lined with *water-tabby*—promised me "*Wits' Bedlam*" and nineteen more *unuchs*, as he called them, when I had finished the Cat.

'*Thursday*.—Carried home the Cat-Book—Mr. Gorge-Book called me a noddy, for mislettering Mousings *Musings*.—I defended myself by telling him, Mr. S. said that mousings was wrong, and that it ought to be as I lettered it: Miss Felissa's copy was done the same way.'

Those who are at all acquainted with the characters and proceedings of the bibliomaniacs will see some very fair hits at them generally, and will not even fail to identify some gentlemen who are more immediately alluded to.

*Woman in India. A Poem. With Notes.* By John Lawson, Missionary at Calcutta. Part I. Female Influence. Foolscap 8vo. pp. 36. London, 1821.

WHILE our local, lake, and metropolitan poets are endeavouring to gratify us by 'penning sonnets to their mistresses' eyebrows,' or by giving us fictitious narrations of elfin queens, Mr. Lawson, in a truly devotional and missionary spirit, tunes the strings of his harp in behalf of 'Woman in India.' For this attempt, we give him our warmest thanks, and we hope to be able to shew our readers that he is well deserving of them. We think, however, had the poem been written in rhyme instead of blank verse, its author would have enjoyed a larger share of popularity with the ladies of Britain, to whom it is dedicated, and is designed to attract their attention towards a most interesting but degraded portion of their own sex. We admit that woman's love ought to be as 'strong as death and secret as the grave,' but we cannot reflect without the softest emotions of pity, on the sight of a beautiful creature voluntarily sacrificing her life through a mistaken notion of dutiful attachment. In this country, when one parent is separating from the other in the omnipotence of death, the sweetest consolation of the dying is, that its survivor will prove a guardian to the surviving offspring,—a 'father to the fatherless,'—a friend that loveth at all times, and that sticketh closer than a brother.'

The passage we shall select as a specimen of the poem, must come home to every bosom where nature and affection reign. It is on the death of a child:—

'O she is gone!

The cherub hasted to its native home.  
All-wasting death hath triumphed o'er my child,—

Sweet wither'd lily! thou wast riven and flung  
Across my shaking knees, a lovely wreck  
Of innocence and beauty. Long I saw,  
Long, long, the fearful presage hung about  
Her beauteous features, darkening round her eyes;

But they would smile with gladdening love  
Upon me.

To me thou wast a plaything beyond price,—  
Health in thy countenance, and sprightliness  
In all thy motions, made thee like a being  
Of fancy sporting in a pleasant dream.  
O 'twas too like a dream! Thy yellowish locks  
Of shining hair, parted with infant grace  
Upon thy snowy forehead, and thy smilings,  
Pleading expressively when thou would'st play  
With my fair sea-shells, tinged with blushing stains,

Like thy own ruby lips, and thy clear voice,  
So musical and merry, with thy arms  
All plump and white, entwined around my neck,

Glow on my anguish'd mind, while I remember

Thy labouring breath when dying; and thy pale

Shivering and sickly hands, which could no longer

Grasp the cold cup of water; and that look,  
That plaintive look, which spoke a thousand words

Of calm unutterable fondness. Mute  
Became thy little tongue for ever quenched;  
In settled dimness, were thy sorrowful eyes.  
Upbraid me not! speak not of the great soul,  
Nor shame these burning tears. May not stern man

One moment weep? I could not then control  
The tumult of my heart, when death had done  
Such deadly work.'

Were it not for our limited space, we could enlarge this quotation by passages still more calm and melancholy; but we must pass them over for our readers' closets and retired harbours. The blemishes, not only of 'Women in India,' but of Mr. Lawson's production, are but few. Without advancing sectarian principles, sweet tones of purity and benevolence pervade the whole poem; many of its descriptions are natural and pathetic; it discovers much good taste, laudable energy, and original thought, which rarely fail of being highly appreciated by cultivated minds, and of proving instructive to all classes of readers. That the author's design may be completed, and oriental civilization advanced to the perpetual abolition of those unhallowed and unnatural rites, which at present stain so extensive a portion of the world, must be the sincere wish of every benevolent mind.

## JOAN OF ARC \*.

It was during the last domination of the English, that Joan of Arc, called the *Maid of Orleans*, was executed at Rouen. This atrocious procedure, which must be attributed partly to the policy of the foreign power which then held Normandy, partly to the superstitious bigotry and narrow spirit of the times, and partly, perhaps, to revenge, is connected not only with the history of Rouen, where it took place, but also with that of the age.

In 1429, France was plunged into an abyss of calamities and humiliations; Charles VII. retained possession of no more than part of the banks of the Loire; a series of defeats had realized the title of *King of the City of Bourges*, which the railery of his enemies had bestowed on him. Enfeebled by his misfortunes, against which his natural indolence prevented him from struggling with sufficient fortitude, forsaken by the chief supporters of his throne, betrayed by his own mother, this prince, round whom yet rallied a group of faithful soldiers, had retired into Touraine.

The appearance of Joan of Arc at this juncture, her solemn assurances of the reconquest of France, the enthusiasm which animated her, and which she soon communicated to others, must undoubtedly be attributed to the policy of some of the ministers or persons in power, who, reckoning upon the credulity of an ignorant people, employed this young female as a useful instrument. Her mind, imbued with the superstitious notions which then prevailed, and especially at Domremi, her birth-place, led her easily into a belief of pretended revelations. The natural exaltation which characterized her was thereby heightened. There is every reason to believe, that Joan was thoroughly convinced, that her mission was truly divine. Joan, therefore, thinking herself inspired, all France was interested in thinking her so too; and this enterprise, which would have been ridiculous had it failed, was rendered heroic by its success. The French must have given credit the more easily to this miracle, as it seemed to be announced by ancient prophecies, for which superstition had gained implicit belief.

Joan of Arc, in the battles which she fought, brought victory back to the French banners; and infused such valour into the army, that, in the course of a single year, Charles VII. delivered and retook part of the most important cities of his kingdom, caused himself to be crowned at Rheims, and inflicted the severest blows on the power which had driven him from his very throne.

During this brilliant campaign, the Maid of Orleans displayed a courage,

\* Abridged from the '*Picturesque Tour of the Seine*,' No. 5, which contains a highly interesting account of Rouen, and four beautifully coloured engravings of 'La Roche,' 'Roboise,' 'Pont de L'Arche,' and 'Tirel.'